



KEVIN SMITH • PHIL HESTER • ANDE PARKS

NO. 2  
MAY '01

# GREEN ARROW

LEO

dccomics.com

QUIVER  
PART TWO

M. WAGNER



STAR CITY.

AND NO, IT'S NOT  
EVEN THE WEEKEND.

IT'S JUST A TYPICAL  
WEDNESDAY FOR THE  
BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE.

OOPS! I DID IT  
AGAIN! I SPILLED MY  
DRINK ON ALL THE  
LITTLE PEOPLE  
BELOW.

≡Giggle≡

LET 'EM  
EAT CAKE!

HEY-- YOU WANNA PLOW  
THROUGH THIS MESS AND  
HIT THE BATHROOM FOR SOME  
NASAL DECONGESTANT?

ALL THIS, AND  
IT'S NOT QUITE  
EIGHT O'CLOCK.

OOHHH,  
YEAH...

YOU  
CLEAR OUT  
MY SINUSES  
GOOD  
ENOUGH, I'LL  
LET YOU EAT  
SOME CAKE  
YOURSELF.

≡Tee-  
hee!≡

LEAD  
THE WAY,  
BETTY  
CROCKER.

STILL PLENTY OF TIME FOR SOMETHING  
INTERESTING TO HAPPEN THAT CAN LEAD  
OFF THE ELEVEN O'CLOCK NEWS.

MY NAME'S  
CINDY.

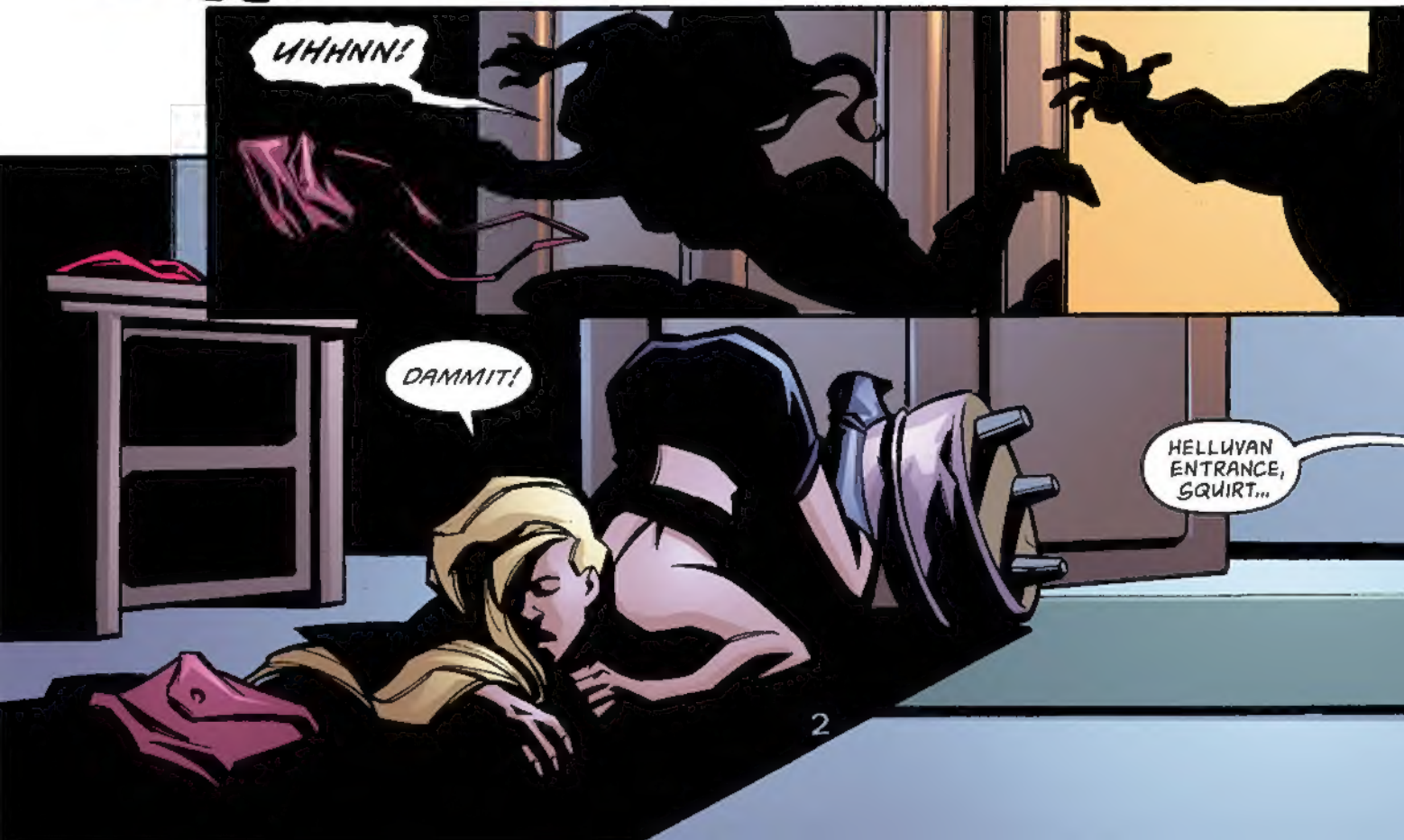
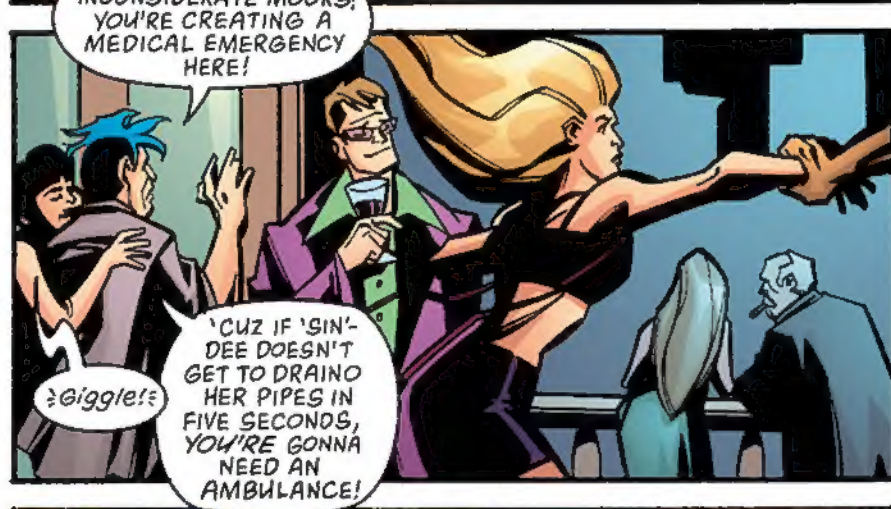
'SIN'-DEE.  
Mmmmm...  
I LIKE IT.

I'VE ALWAYS  
SAID YOU CAN  
MEET THE MOST  
INTERESTING  
PEOPLE AT THESE  
LITTLE  
SOIRÉE'S.

AH...

... THIS LOOKS LIKE  
A PROMISING START  
TOWARD THAT END.













RIGHT.

SO...

YOU'VE GOT ABOUT FIFTY FIVE...



HEY!



I'VE GOT ABOUT AS LONG AS I WANT, IF RICHARD WANTS TO STAY IN BUSINESS. I KNOW THIS... HE KNOWS THIS...

I GUESS SOMEONE FORGOT TO FILL YOU IN.



WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT RIGHT NOW.

PLEASE... YOU'RE HURTING ME...

BABY, I HAVEN'T EVEN BEGUN TO HUR--



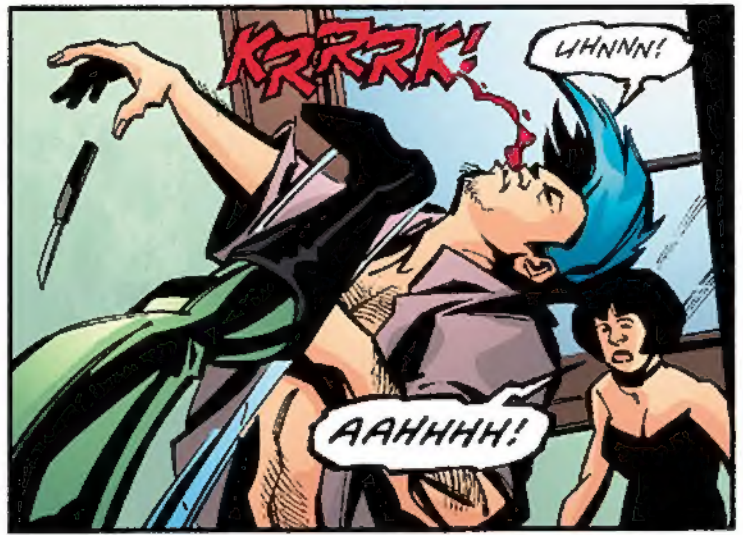
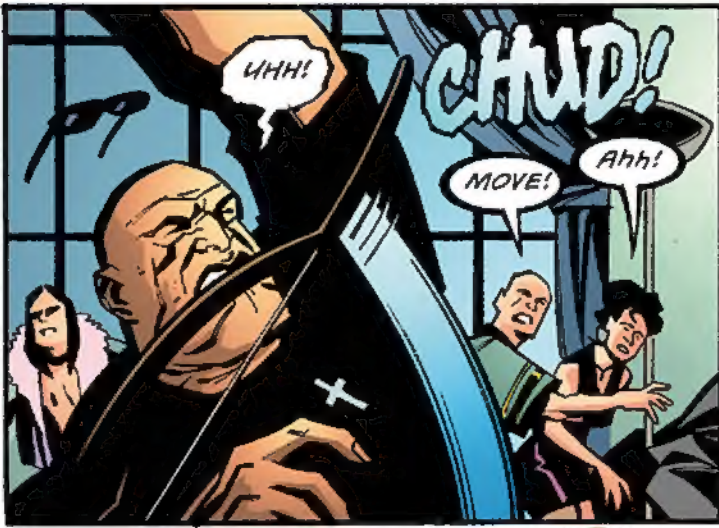
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!



ROSCOE! REPORT!

SIR-- SOMEONE'S HERE! IT LOOKS LIKE...!









**AAHHH!**

**POOOM!**





DC COMICS PRESENTS

# QUIVER

I'D LIKE TO  
REGISTER A  
COMPLAINT  
FROM MY  
DISTRICT.

## CHAPTER TWO: LONG TIME NO SEE

Kevin Smith  
writer

Phil Hester    Ande Parks  
penciller        inker

Sean Konof- Letterer

Guy Major- Colorist/  
Separations

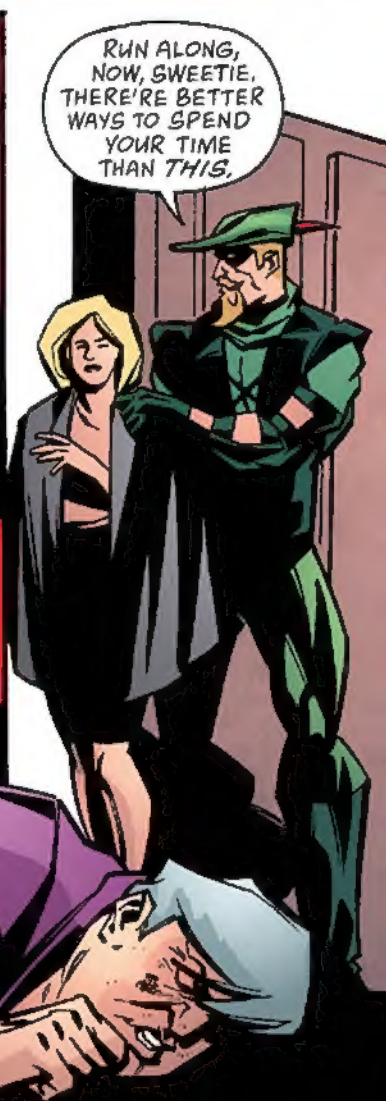
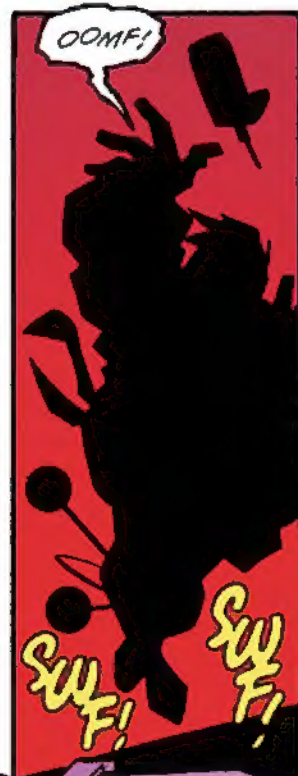
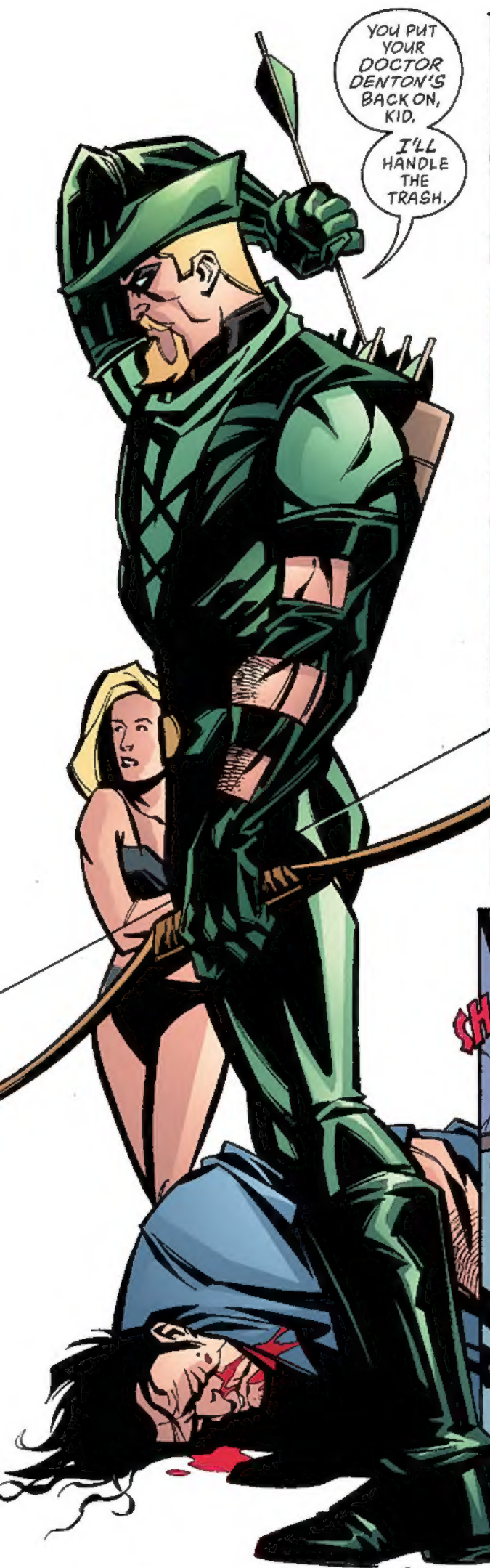
Bob Schreck- Editor

Michael Wright- Associate Editor













Um... THANKS, MISTER.

YOU REALLY WANT TO THANK ME, GO A LOT EASIER ON THE ROUGE.

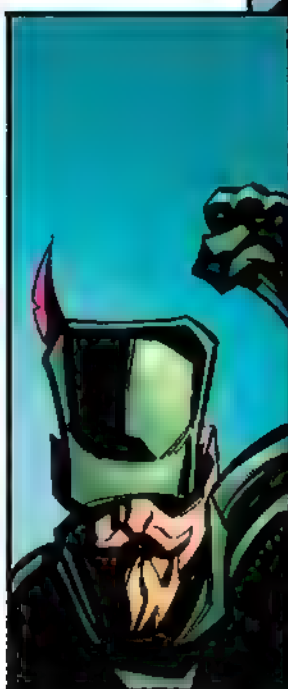
'BYE, KIDDO.

HERE'S AN OPTION...  
BE A DOLL AND CLOSE THE DOOR ON YOUR WAY OUT, WOULD YOU?

HEY! UNFI!



CLICK!



WHO'S THIS WALKIE-TALKIE REACH, FAT-CAT?

WH-WHAT?!

WHAT'S ITS RANGE? SHOULD I BE EXPECTING ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR GOONS FROM DOWN THE HALL OR SOMETHING?

I... IT'S A C...CEL PHONE. IT... IT CAN REACH ANY... ANYONE!

IT CAN, HUH? WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE WITH A GADGET LIKE THAT? THE BATMAN?

STOLEN CITY FUNDS CAN BUY A LOT OF HIGH-TECH TOYS, CAN'T IT?

H-HOW'D YOU...?

I KNOW A LOT OF THINGS ABOUT YOU, PAL.

THE ONLY THING I DON'T KNOW IS WHAT YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME RIGHT NOW.

HOW'D YOU GET THE GIRL, COUNCILMAN? SHE COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE THAN FIFTEEN. WORD HAS IT YOU LIKE 'EM YOUNG AND ILLEGAL.

BUT I'M WONDERING IF YOUR DEVIANT APPETITES HAVE GONE BEYOND SIMPLY SEXUALLY FOULING STAR CITY YOUTH, AND CROSSED OVER INTO BLOODLETTING?



Y-YOU TH-THINK I'M THE ST-STAR CITY SLAYER?! I SWEAR TO G-GOD I'M NOT! R-RICHARD... TH-THE P-PIMP! HE SENDS THE GUY-GIRLS OVER! B-BUT I... I N-NEVER KILLED NO K-KIDS!





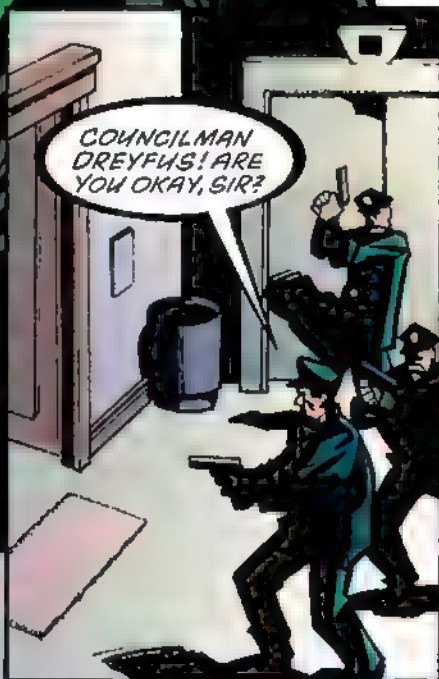


NO-- YOU'RE  
NO KILLER OF  
CHILDREN.

YOU'RE JUST A  
SPIRIT-CRUSHING,  
LIFE-STEALING,  
FAT-CAT!



COUNCILMAN  
DREYFUS!



COUNCILMAN  
DREYFUS! ARE  
YOU OKAY, SIR?



COUNCILMA--

OH MY  
GOD...

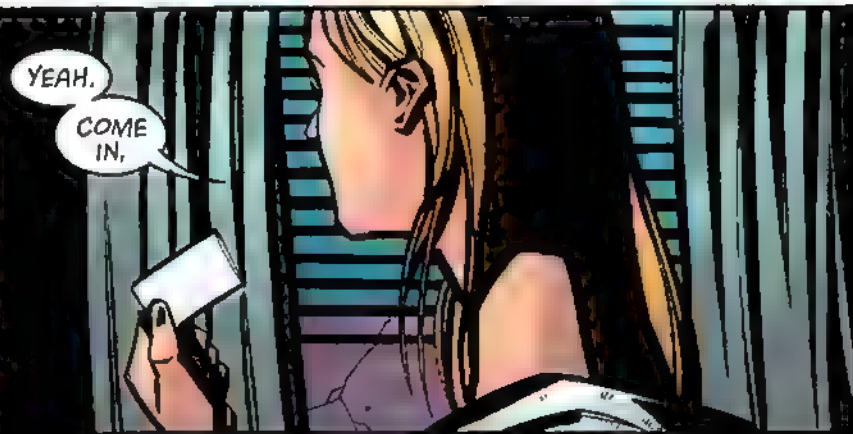
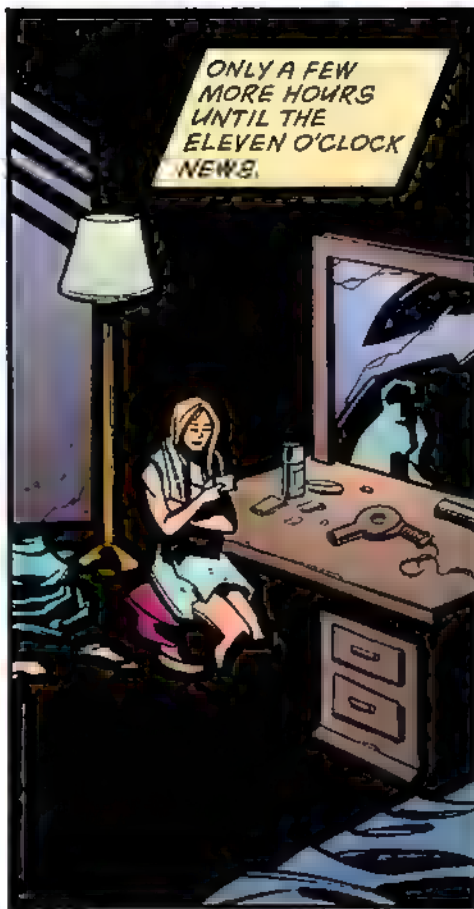
GET A  
LOAD OF  
THIS!

YOUR TAX DOLLARS  
AT WORK!

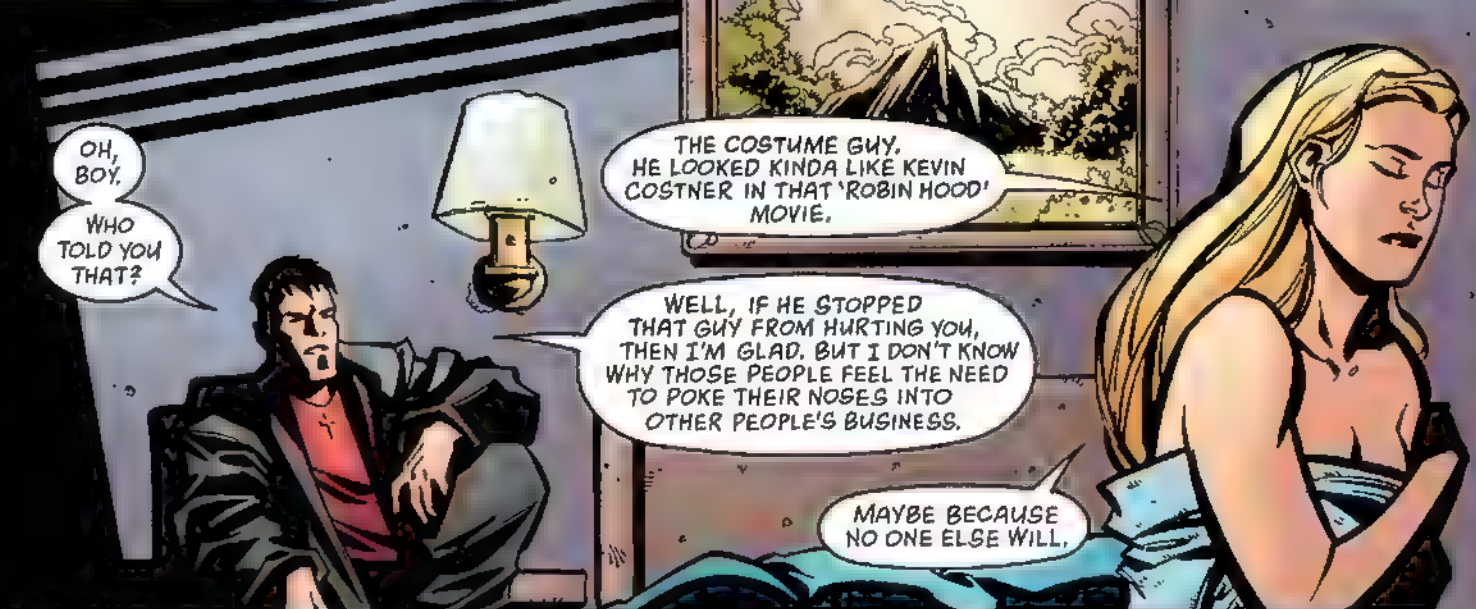
YOUR  
GOVERNMENT  
IN ACTION!









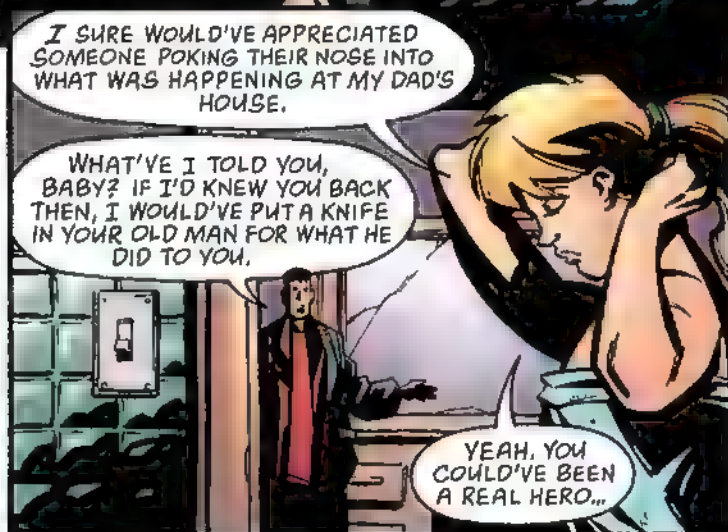


OH,  
BOY.  
WHO  
TOLD YOU  
THAT?

THE COSTUME GUY.  
HE LOOKED KINDA LIKE KEVIN  
COSTNER IN THAT 'ROBIN HOOD'  
MOVIE.

WELL, IF HE STOPPED  
THAT GUY FROM HURTING YOU,  
THEN I'M GLAD. BUT I DON'T KNOW  
WHY THOSE PEOPLE FEEL THE NEED  
TO POKE THEIR NOSES INTO  
OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

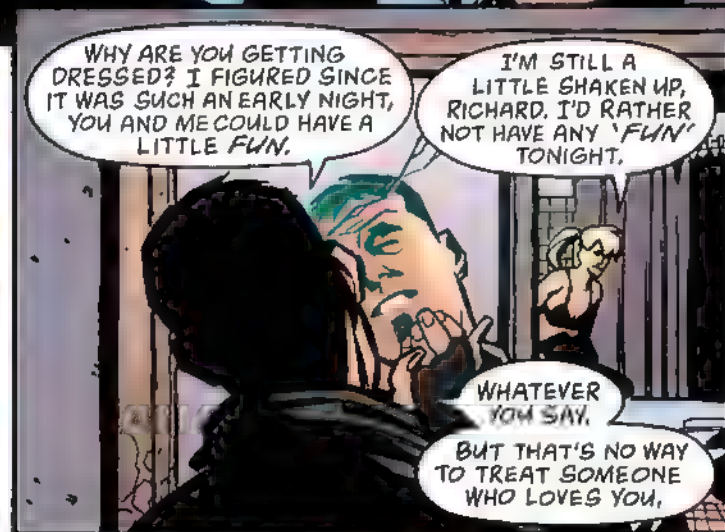
MAYBE BECAUSE  
NO ONE ELSE WILL.



I SURE WOULD'VE APPRECIATED  
SOMEONE POKING THEIR NOSE INTO  
WHAT WAS HAPPENING AT MY DAD'S  
HOUSE.

WHAT'VE I TOLD YOU,  
BABY? IF I'D KNEW YOU BACK  
THEN, I WOULD'VE PUT A KNIFE  
IN YOUR OLD MAN FOR WHAT HE  
DID TO YOU.

YEAH, YOU  
COULD'VE BEEN  
A REAL HERO...



WHY ARE YOU GETTING  
DRESSED? I FIGURED SINCE  
IT WAS SUCH AN EARLY NIGHT,  
YOU AND ME COULD HAVE A  
LITTLE FUN.

I'M STILL A  
LITTLE SHAKEN UP,  
RICHARD. I'D RATHER  
NOT HAVE ANY 'FUN'  
TONIGHT.

WHATEVER  
YOU SAY.

BUT THAT'S NO WAY  
TO TREAT SOMEONE  
WHO LOVES YOU.

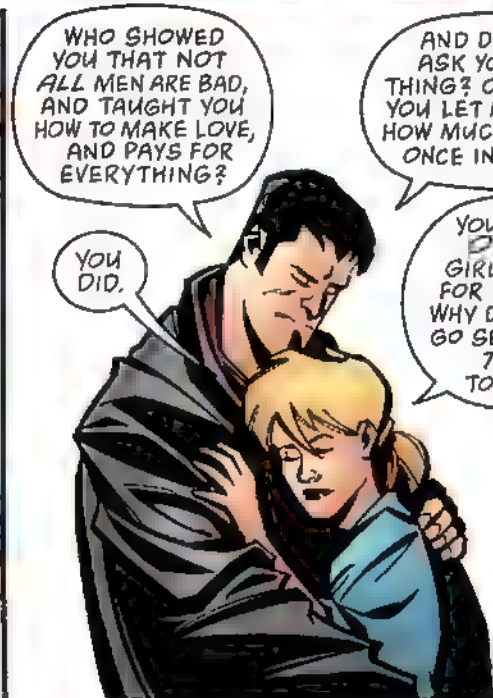


C'MON, RICHARD.  
DON'T START  
THAT...

I'M NOT  
STARTIN'  
ANYTHING.  
I'M JUST  
SAYIN'...

I MEAN,  
WHO TOOK  
YOU IN?  
WHO TOOK  
CARE OF YOU  
AND LOVED  
YOU AFTER  
WHAT THAT  
ANIMAL OLD  
MAN OF  
YOURS DID  
TO YOU?

YOU  
DID.



WHO SHOWED  
YOU THAT NOT  
ALL MEN ARE BAD,  
AND TAUGHT YOU  
HOW TO MAKE LOVE,  
AND PAYS FOR  
EVERYTHING?

YOU  
DID.

AND DO I EVER  
ASK YOU FOR ANY-  
THING? OTHER THAN  
YOU LET ME SHOW YOU  
HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU  
ONCE IN A WHILE?

YOU'VE GOT  
OTHER  
GIRLFRIENDS  
FOR THAT, TOO.  
WHY DON'T YOU  
GO SEE ONE OF  
THEM  
TONIGHT?



BECAUSE I  
ONLY LOVE YOU,  
MY LITTLE  
MAMA MIA.

BUT THEN  
WHY DO YOU  
MAKE ME  
TRICK?



NOT THIS  
AGAIN...

I'M JUST ASKING. I MEAN,  
I HATE IT, RICHARD. I DON'T  
MIND DOING IT WITH YOU...

YOU DON'T MIND  
DOING IT WITH ME? OH,  
THAT MAKES ME FEEL  
BETTER!

BUT THOSE  
GUYS YOU SET ME  
UP WITH? THEY'RE  
ALL OLD, AND DIRTY  
AND MEAN, AND  
THEY...

... THEY DON'T  
TREAT ME LIKE THEY  
SHOULD.



AND HOW SHOULD THEY  
TREAT YOU? LIKE I TREAT YOU?  
WHY BOTHER? LOOK WHAT I GET  
FOR TREATING YOU LIKE  
A PRINCESS!

SO TELL ME,  
MISSY  
SELFISHNESS--  
HOW SHOULD  
THEY TREAT  
YOU?!

LIKE  
A KID.





HAHA  
HAHA  
HAHA!

WHY'S THAT  
SO FUNNY?

BECAUSE YOU'RE  
NOT A KID, BABY DOLL!  
YOU'RE A WOMAN! A  
HOT-BLOODED, FULL-  
BODIED WOMAN WHO DOES  
THINGS THAT WOMEN  
DO IN BED!

BUT I  
DON'T WANT  
TO. I NEVER  
WANTED  
TO.

MEN  
FORCE  
THAT ON  
ME,



SO NOW I  
FORCE  
MYSELF ON  
YOU, IS  
THAT IT?

I DIDN'T  
MEAN IT  
LIKE  
THAT...

NOW I'M NO  
BETTER THAN  
YOUR OLD MAN,  
IS THAT IT?

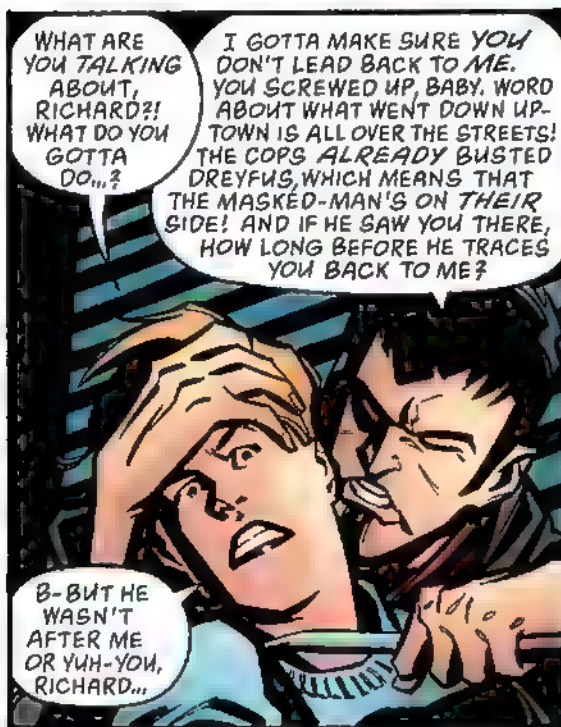
I'M  
SORRY,  
RICHARD.  
DON'T--



THIS IS THE THANKS I GET, RIGHT?!  
I TREAT YOU LIKE A DAMN QUEEN AND  
FEED YOU AND CLOTHE YOU AND GIVE YOU  
A PLACE TO LIVE, AND I'M NO BETTER  
THAN YOUR RAPIST FATHER,  
IS THAT IT?!

RICHARD!  
PLEASE--!

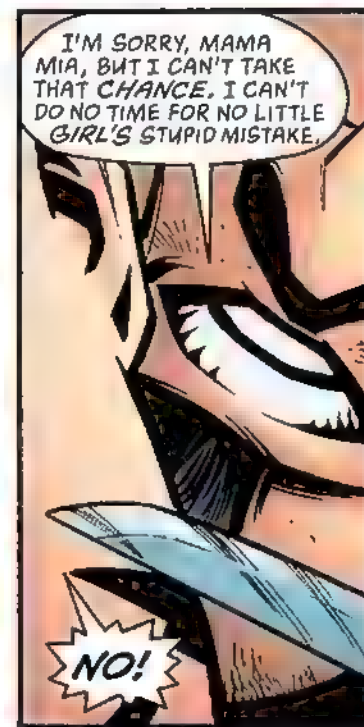
I WAS TRYING TO DO  
THIS NICE, MIA! I WANTED  
TO CUDDLE YOU BEFORE I  
HAD TO DO WHAT  
I GOTTA DO-- BECAUSE  
I LOVE YOU!



WHAT ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT,  
RICHARD?!  
WHAT DO YOU  
GOTTA  
DO...?

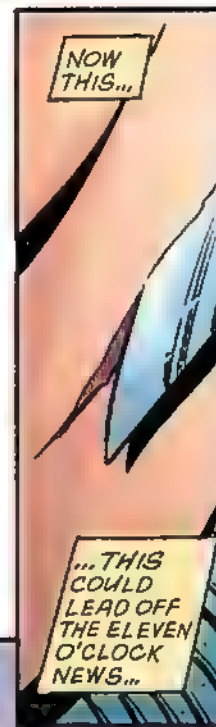
I GOTTA MAKE SURE YOU  
DON'T LEAD BACK TO ME.  
YOU SCREWED UP, BABY. WORD  
ABOUT WHAT WENT DOWN UP-  
TOWN IS ALL OVER THE STREETS!  
THE COPS ALREADY BUSTED  
DREYFUS, WHICH MEANS THAT  
THE MASKED-MAN'S ON THEIR  
SIDE! AND IF HE SAW YOU THERE,  
HOW LONG BEFORE HE TRACES  
YOU BACK TO ME?

B-BUT HE  
WASN'T  
AFTER ME  
OR YUH-YOU,  
RICHARD...



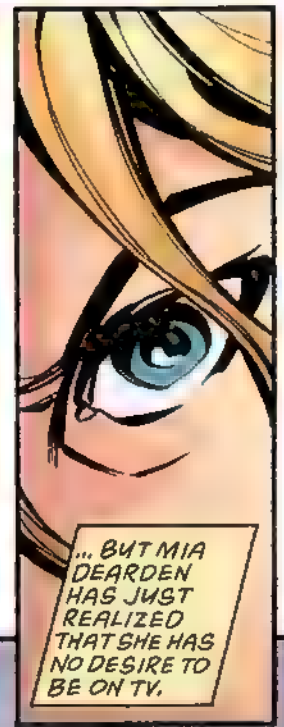
I'M SORRY, MAMA  
MIA, BUT I CAN'T TAKE  
THAT CHANCE. I CAN'T  
DO NO TIME FOR NO LITTLE  
GIRL'S STUPID MISTAKE.

NO!



NOW  
THIS...

...THIS  
COULD  
LEAD OFF  
THE ELEVEN  
O'CLOCK  
NEWS...



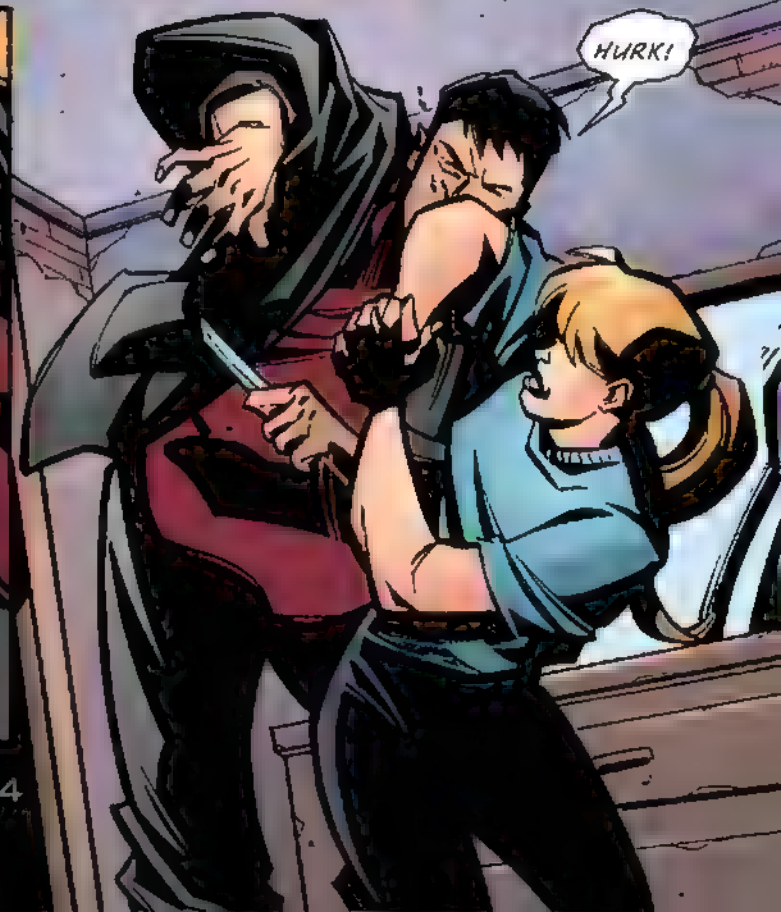
... BUT MIA  
DEARDEN  
HAS JUST  
REALIZED  
THAT SHE HAS  
NO DESIRE TO  
BE ON TV.



OW!



OOF!



HURK!





KSXSH!



CR-CRAZY HUAGH!

YOU DON'T LOVE ME, RICHARD. PEOPLE WHO LOVE PEOPLE DON'T RAPE THEM, OR MAKE THEM HAVE SEX WITH STRANGERS FOR MONEY.

OR TRY TO KILL THEM.

C-C'MON, Mm-MAMA Mm-MIA... I WAS JUSS FUH-FOOLIN' ROUND...

I'M FIFTEEN, RICHARD. I SHOULD BE IN HIGH SCHOOL, WONDERING WHAT I'M GOING TO WEAR TOMORROW, NOT WORRYING THAT YOU'RE GOING TO SLIT MY THROAT FOR MESSING UP YOUR BUSINESS--

-- AND YOUR BUSINESS IS SELLING MY BODY TO ANY LOSER WITH FIFTY BUCKS!

WELL, NOT ANY-MORE.

GIVE ME YOUR HAND.

W-WHY DO Y-YUH-YOU WANT MY HUH-HAND?

I'M MAKING A LIFE-CHANGE HERE, AND I WANT TO MAKE SURE YOU KNOW I'M SERIOUS.

NOW BITE DOWN HARD, THIS IS GOING TO HURT.

WH-WHAT?!

AAAAH!

OH, GOD! AAHHH!

I CUT THE TENDON BETWEEN YOUR THUMB AND POINTER FINGER. YOU CAN GET IT FIXED, BUT THE OPERATION'S PAINFUL. IT HAPPENED TO MY MOTHER ONCE, BEFORE SHE DIED. SHE'D CUT HERSELF FIXING MY FATHER A SANDWICH.

DON'T FOLLOW ME, RICHARD, PLEASE. IF YOU DO, THEN I'LL CUT THE OTHER ONE. AND IF YOU STILL TRY TO FIND ME AFTER THAT, THEN I'LL CUT YOUR THROAT.

I SWEAR TO GOD.

NOT QUITE WORTHY OF THE ELEVEN O'CLOCK NEWS AS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN IF THE TABLES HADN'T BEEN TURNED, TRUE...





BUT THEN, THAT  
STORY HAS ALREADY  
BEEN ACCOUNTED  
FOR ...

THIS IS THE STAR  
CITY BROWNSTONE  
MANSION OF ONE  
MISTER STANLEY  
DOVER...

WHAT A  
NIGHT...

IT  
SURE  
IS.

SO...

HOW'D IT  
FEEL--  
FIRST NIGHT  
BACK IN THE  
OLD  
THREADS?

BEAT THE OTHER  
GETUP, THAT'S FOR  
SURE. AND THE TRICK  
ARROWS WORKED  
LIKE A CHARM.

STILL, NOTHING'LL  
BEAT WATCHING  
THAT HEAVY CLOROX  
BOTTLE HIT THAT PUNK  
IN THE ALLEY.

WHAT WAS  
THAT  
SUPPOSED TO  
BE AGAIN?

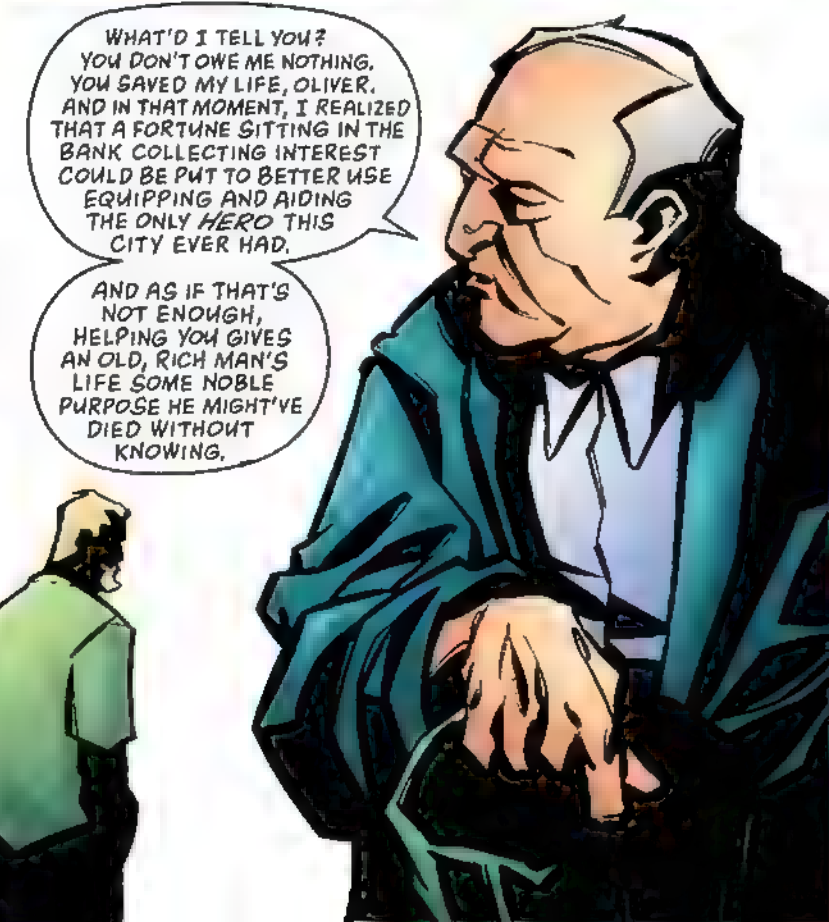
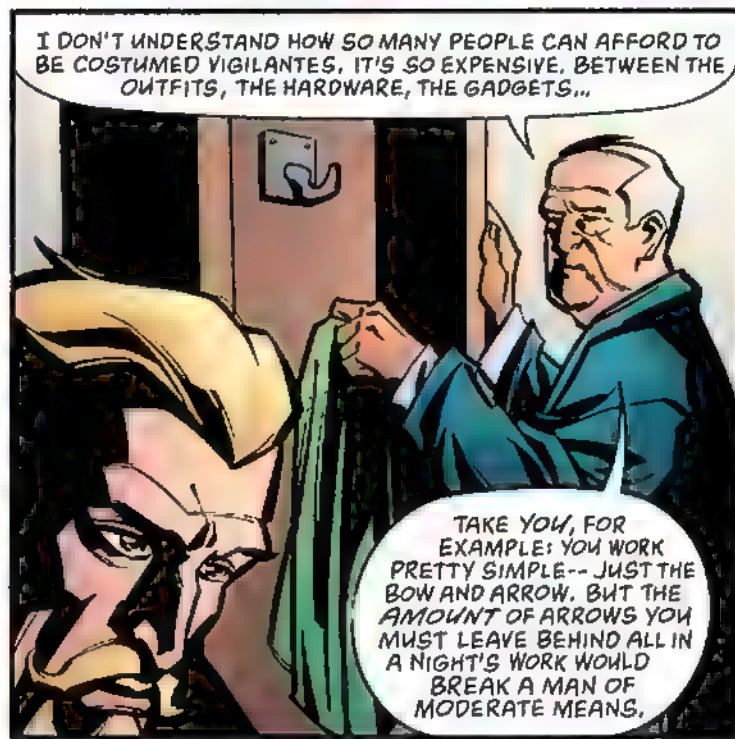
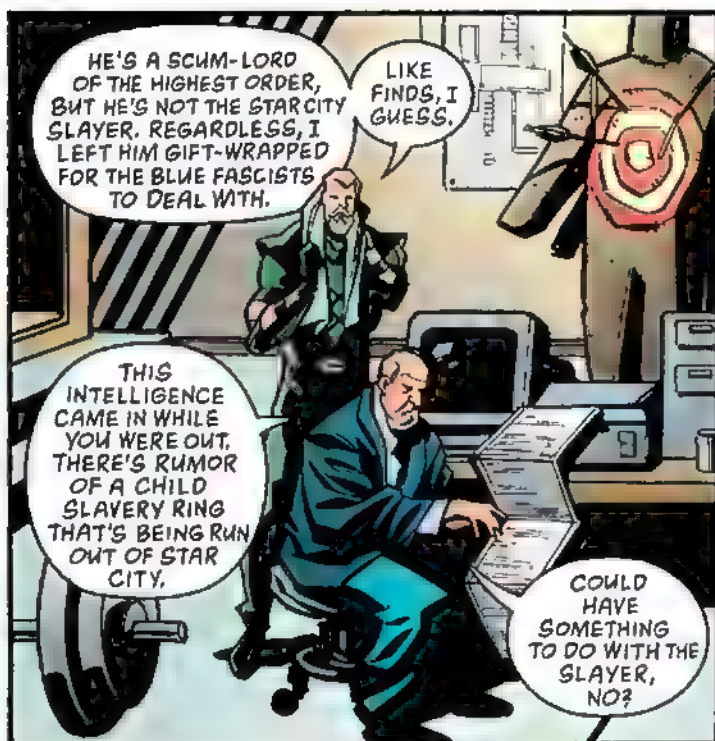
THE  
BOXING  
GLOVE  
ARROW.

RIGHT.  
CAN'T LEAVE  
HOME WITHOUT  
IT.

QUIT  
RAZZING  
ME, OLD-  
TIMER.

HOW'D IT GO WITH  
THE COUNCILMAN?  
YOU THINK HE'S  
THE ONE?







YOU AIN'T GOING ANY-  
WHERE, YOU FOSSIL, YOU GOT  
PLENTY OF GOOD LIFE LEFT IN  
YOU. BUT YOU'RE NOT MY BUTLER,  
SO I'D APPRECIATE YOU NOT  
PICKING UP AFTER ME.

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE  
SAYING, THOUGH, I REMEMBER  
WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE A RICH  
MAN MYSELF, BEFORE I GAVE UP  
MY OWN FORTUNE A FEW YEARS  
BACK, I HAD TO DEAL WITH THE  
GUILT OF BEING TO-THE-  
MANNER-BORN.

UNTIL I STARTED THIS  
GIG, I FELT LIKE A WASTE  
OF GOOD AIR LIKE BRUCE  
WAYNE, OR SOMETHING.

SLINGING THESE PUPPIES  
FOR RIGHT, NOT MIGHT, SURE  
OPENED MY EYES. SHOWED ME  
A WHOLE DIFFERENT AMERICA  
THAN I'D EVER REALIZED  
WAS OUT THERE.

I JUST WISH I COULD  
REMEMBER WHY I WAS LIKE  
I WAS WHEN WE FOUND EACH  
OTHER IN THAT ALLEY, AND WHAT  
HAPPENED TO MY APARTMENT.

HELL--  
I JUST  
WISH I  
COULD  
REMEMBER  
WHAT  
HAPPENED  
TO ME!

NOW, NOW-- LET'S  
NOT START THIS AGAIN.  
YOU KNOW YOU GET THOSE  
MIGRAINES FROM THINKING  
ABOUT IT TOO MUCH. WE'LL  
GET TO THE BOTTOM OF  
IT EVENTUALLY.

WHO KNOWS-- MAYBE  
IT EVEN HAS SOMETHING  
TO DO WITH THE STAR  
SLAYER. BUT RIGHT NOW, THAT  
SHOULD BE OUR ONLY GOAL...  
FINDING THE SLAYER AND  
BRINGING HIM, OR HER,  
TO JUSTICE.

"HER"?!

C'MON, STANLEY--  
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE  
EVEN LESS ENLIGHTENED THAN  
ME, BEING AN OLD MAN FROM  
ANOTHER GENERATION AND ALL.  
BUT AS LIBERAL AS I AM, I WON'T  
GO SO FAR OUT ON A LIMB AS TO  
SUPPOSE FOR A MINUTE THAT A  
WOMAN COULD BE CAPABLE  
OF A CRIME AS UGLY AS  
THE SLAYER'S.

A WOMAN WANTS TO  
WORK THE WRONG SIDE OF  
THE LAW, SHE THROWS ON A  
CAT SUIT... SHE DOESN'T  
KIDNAP KIDS AND  
GUT THEM.

SPEAKING OF WHICH,  
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO  
CHOKE DOWN SOME FILET  
MIGNON I JUST GRILLED?  
IT'S MARINATED IN  
BALSAMIC AND BASIL.

LEAD THE  
WAY, SENIOR  
CITIZEN. I'M  
AS HUNGRY  
AS IT GETS.





I JUST GOT ONE QUESTION FOR YOU, THOUGH.

WHAT'S THAT?

DO YOU DO DISHES, TOO? BECAUSE IF YOU DO, I'VE GOT NO CHOICE BUT TO JUST MARRY YOU.

YOU'RE TOO OLD FOR ME, JUNIOR.

I MEAN, TOO YOUNG FOR ME.



THE SENILITY'S SETTING IN, I SEE.

NOT TOO SENILE TO NOTICE YOU DO HAVE THAT TIGHT, WASH-BOARD STOMACH I LOVE ON A MAN.

AND HERE I THOUGHT I WAS THE ONLY QUEEN IN THE HOUSE.



TWO GRILLED-TO-PERFECTION FILET MIGNONS LATER...

ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS TRY TO CONTACT YOU YET? THE FELLA WITH THE MAGIC RING, OR THE BLONDE LADY IN FISHNETS-- THE ONE I USED TO SEE PICTURES OF YOU WITH IN THE PAPERS?

NO, THANK GOD, LANTERN'S A PAL, BUT HE'S A LITTLE TOO DRIVEN IN MY BOOK. IT'S GOOD TO GET A BREAK AWAY FROM HIM NOW AND THEN. I MEAN, WE JUST SPENT ALL THAT TIME TOGETHER ON THE ROAD, NOT TOO LONG AGO. THAT'LL COVER ME FOR AWHILE.

I'M SURE THE LITTLE BLUE GUYS HAVE GOT HIM CHASING DOWN PURPLE PEOPLE-EATERS UP IN THE STARS, ANYWAY.

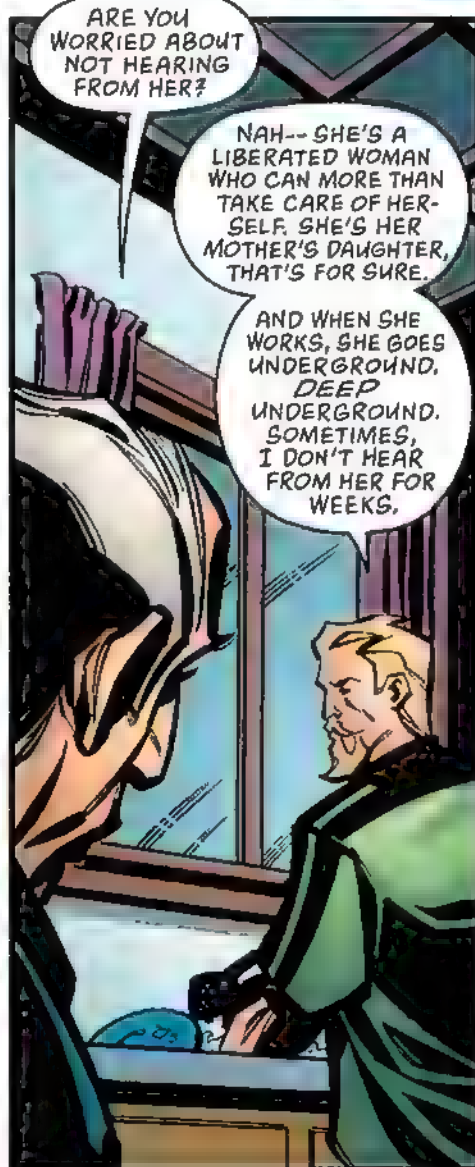
FINISHED?



THANKS.

THE LADY-BIRD I MISS, THOUGH. FEELS LIKE A DOG'S AGE SINCE I SEEN HER. DON'T GET ME WRONG-- I DIG YOUR COMPANY, WRINKLES. BUT YOU DON'T SMELL NEARLY AS PRETTY AS HER. AND YOU MAKE A HELLUVA STEAK, AS GOOD AS HERS, EVEN-- BUT I'M NONE TOO CURIOUS TO FIND OUT IF YOU CAN MATCH HER OTHER DOMESTIC SKILLS, IF YOU CATCH MY DRIFT.

YOU'RE SUCH A TEASE.



ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT NOT HEARING FROM HER?

NAH-- SHE'S A LIBERATED WOMAN WHO CAN MORE THAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF. SHE'S HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER, THAT'S FOR SURE.

AND WHEN SHE WORKS, SHE GOES UNDERGROUND, DEEP UNDERGROUND. SOMETIMES, I DON'T HEAR FROM HER FOR WEEKS.

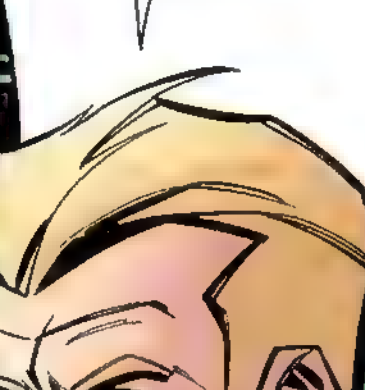
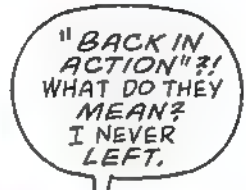
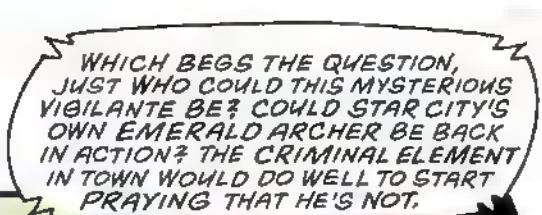
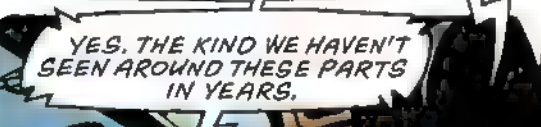
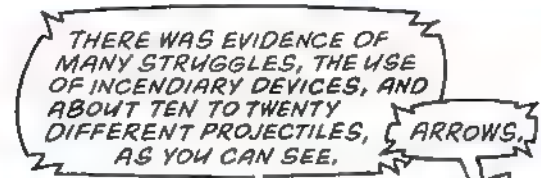
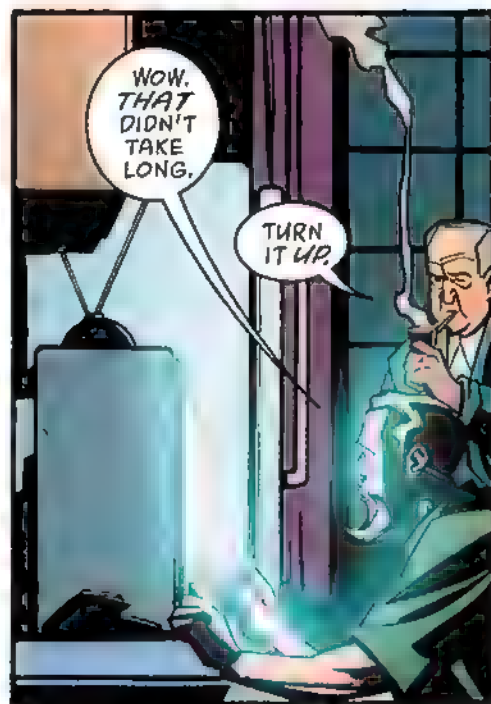
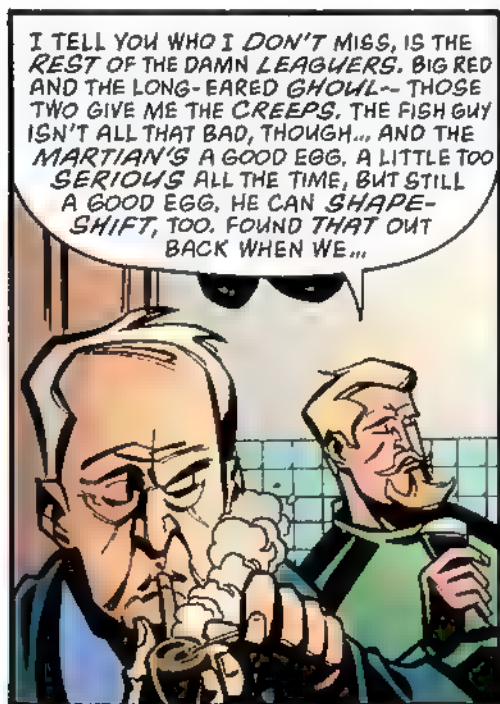


DO YOU EVER WORRY ABOUT HER? I MEAN, YOU'RE BOTH IN A ROUGH JOB-- ESPECIALLY FOR A WOMAN, I'D IMAGINE.

PLEASE-- SHE SHOULD WORRY ABOUT ME. I'M JUST SOME SCHMO WHAT LIKES TO SHOOT ARROWS AT BAD GUYS. SHE'S A SUPER HERO OF THE HIGHEST ORDER, WITH POWERS AND WHATNOT. SHE'S GOT THIS SONIC SCREAM THAT CAN BLOW YOUR EARDRUMS OUT.

I HELP HER WHEN SHE ASKS, BUT SHE CAN CERTAINLY HANDLE HERSELF.







**Y**OU KNOW WHAT HE'S THINKING TO HIMSELF, THIS UNSEEN NEWS-FAN?

THE ELEVEN O'CLOCK NEWS IS VERY POPULAR IN THIS PLACE, TOO.

NOT JUST THE LOCAL VERSION, MIND YOU...

NO, THIS NEWS-HOUND WATCHES THE NIGHTLY BROADCASTS FROM THE COUNTRY'S OTHER MAJOR CITIES, AS WELL.

REWIND  
THREE  
HUNDRED  
AND THIRTY  
FRAMES.

HE'S LOOKING AT THE PHOTOS ARROW-PINNED TO THE DOWNED COUNCIL-MAN AND THINKING, "THAT'S A FLOURISH THAT'S VERY UNCHARACTERISTIC OF CONNOR."

IT'S TEN AFTER TWO IN THE MORNING, EAST COAST TIME, AND A RARE SLOW NIGHT WHEN THE CITY CAN SPARE HIM FOR A FEW HOURS.

FREEZE ON  
FRAME THREE-SEVEN-  
FOUR-TWENTY-FIVE AND  
ZOOM IN.

IT AFFORDS HIM THE OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY THE IMAGES THAT ARE SATELLITE-FED TO HIS UNGODLY EXPENSIVE SUPER-COMPUTER AND DEDUCE...

THE  
TRAJECTORY  
OF THE HITS IS ALL  
WRONG FOR CONNOR,  
TOO.

OLIVER?





WHAT ARE  
LITTLE BOYS  
MADE OF  
AGAIN?

OH, YEAH--  
SNAKES AND  
SNAILS AND  
PUPPY-DOG  
TAILS.



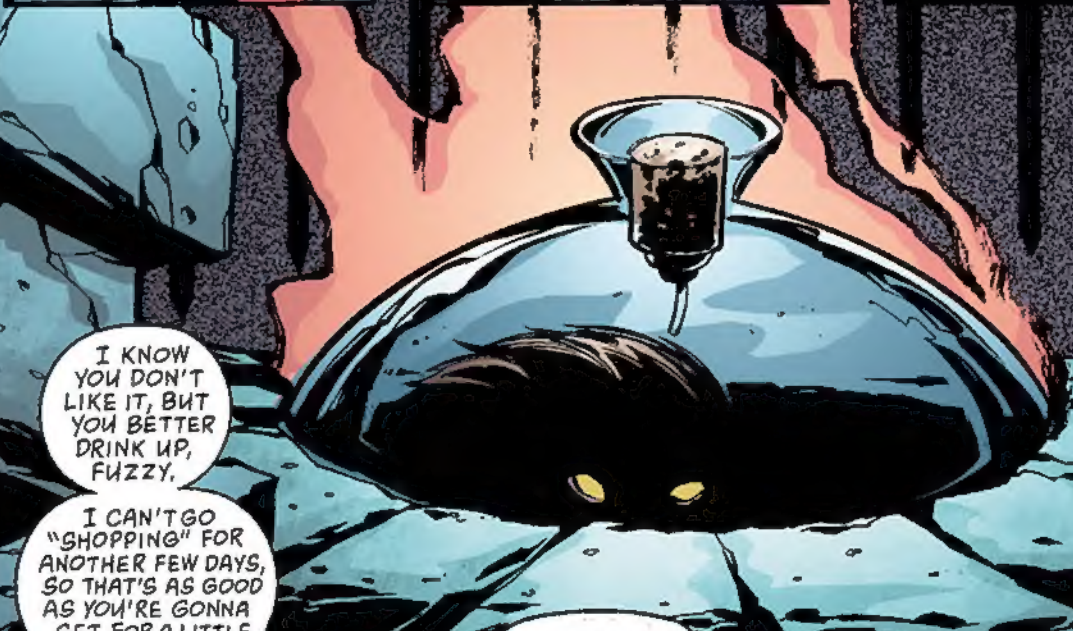
THEY FORGOT TO  
MENTION KOOL-AID-  
RED BLOOD,  
DIDN'T THEY?

I GUESS IT  
WOULDN'T FIT THE  
RHYME SCHEME VERY  
WELL, WOULD IT?



SLURP

I SAVED  
YOU LAST  
LICKS,  
BIG GUY,



I KNOW  
YOU DON'T  
LIKE IT, BUT  
YOU BETTER  
DRINK UP,  
FUZZY.

I CAN'T GO  
"SHOPPING" FOR  
ANOTHER FEW DAYS,  
SO THAT'S AS GOOD  
AS YOU'RE GONNA  
GET FOR A LITTLE  
WHILE.



NOT MUCH  
LONGER NOW  
'TIL IT'S JUST  
LIKE OLD TIMES.  
ME AND YOU,  
AGAINST THE  
WORLD...



...A BOY  
AND HIS  
DOG.

TO BE  
CONTINUED!



FROM THE WRITER/DIRECTOR OF  
CLERKS AND MALLRATS

**KEVIN  
SMITH**

with **PHIL HESTER**

"Bullseye revisionism. A-"  
– ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

**VOL. 1: QUIVER**

**VOL. 2: SOUNDS OF VIOLENCE**

**VOL. 3: ARCHER'S QUEST**

**VOL. 4: STRAIGHT SHOOTER**

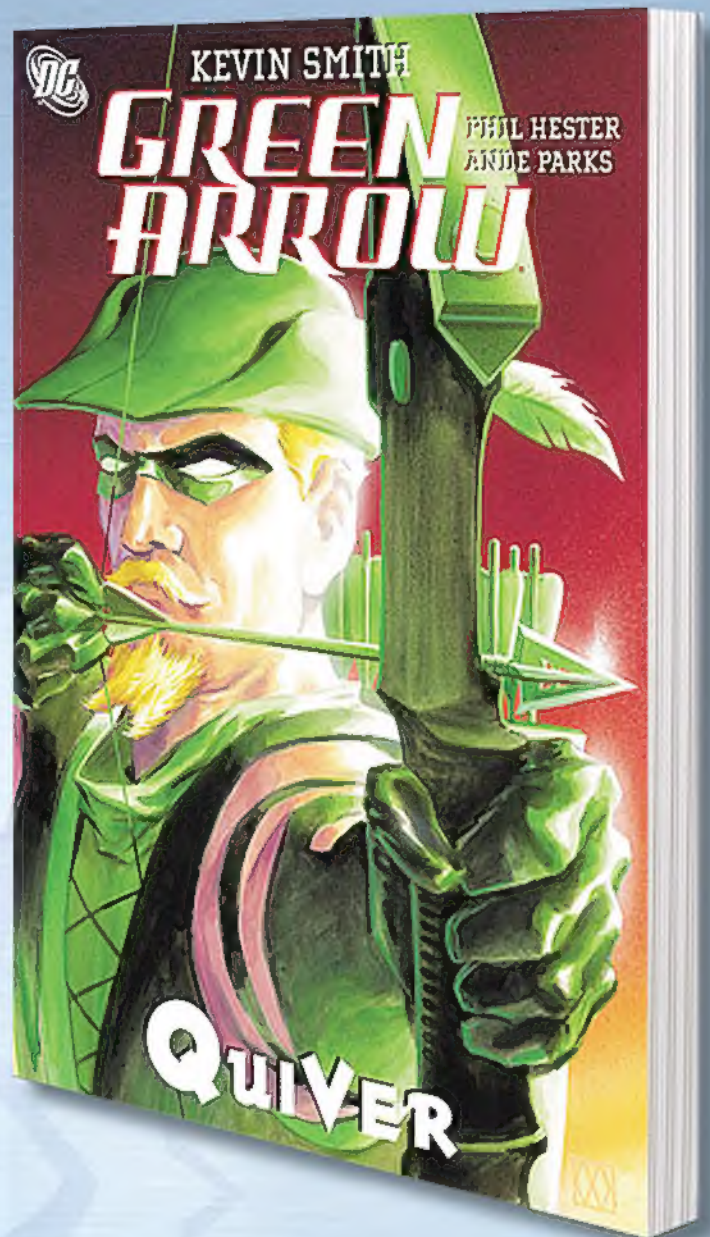
**VOL. 5: CITY WALLS**

**VOL. 6: MOVING TARGETS**

**VOL. 7: HEADING INTO THE LIGHT**

**VOL. 8: CRAWLING FROM THE WRECKAGE**

**VOL. 9: ROAD TO JERICHO**



## MORE CRITICALLY ACCLAIMED TALES OF THE EMERALD ARCHER

GREEN ARROW VOL. 2  
SOUNDS OF VIOLENCE



KEVIN SMITH  
PHIL HESTER

GREEN ARROW VOL. 3:  
ARCHER'S QUEST



BRAD METZER  
PHIL HESTER

GREEN ARROW VOL. 4:  
STRAIGHT SHOOTER



JUDD WINICK  
PHIL HESTER

Use the **BUY IN PRINT** feature to find a comics shop near you.  
Check back here every week for **NEW DIGITAL RELEASES!**





*The Hand*

